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THE CASE OF THE
AMPUTATED PENIS

"The Play's The Thing"
And The Foreplay
Is Terrific Too
THE SECRET SEX
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ON THE SCENE



RECORDS

Warne Marsh: *Warne Out* (Interplay) features the tenor saxophonist in a trio setting, supported by bassist Jim Hughart and drummer Nick Ceroli. Marsh, heavily influenced by the late Lennie Tristano, is an improviser of great depth and complexity. His playing, especially in the absence of a piano to state the harmony, makes heavy demands on the listener. Among the high points are Tristano's "Lennies Pennies" and "Duets", on which Marsh has overdubbed a second sax track. From Interplay Records, Box 7000-15, Redondo Beach CA 90277.

Remo Palmier (Concord Jazz) is the most rewarding jazz guitar lp to come our way in a while. Palmier made the 52nd street scene in the early forties and recorded with Bird and Diz; he then disappeared into the CBS radio studios, where he remained for almost thirty years. Palmier's sound and melodic ideas are reminiscent of Herb Ellis, with whom he recorded a memorable album a year ago. But while Ellis is a hard-swinging, bluesy player, Palmier seems to prefer a mel-lower bag, and he's one of the more lyrical guitarists to be heard today. He's avoided the standard warhorses and chosen some interesting material from sources as varied as Herbie Hancock, Johnny Mandel, and Quin-

cy Jones. A sterling rhythm section composed of pianist Lou Levy, bass man Ray Brown, and drummer Jake Hanna lays down the foundation.

Horace Silver: *Sterling Silver* (Blue Note) presents previously unissued Silver from the pianist's long association with Blue Note. Of the nine tunes here, three have appeared only on 45 rpm discs; the others are issued for the first time. The material, dating from 1956 to 1964, offers a short history of the Silver quintets of that period. Silver's compositions blend bebop with Latin, blues and gospel influences. Among the fine musicians heard here are Junior Cool, Donald Byrd, and Blue Mitchell.

Rockabilly is alive and well in the hands of **Billy Hancock** *With The Tennessee Rockets*. Hancock and company have coupled "Rootie Tootie" with "I Can't Be Satisfied" on a 45 rpm disc from the Ripsaw label. The group captures the sound and feel of the old Sun rockabilly classics, complete with hot guitar courtesy of Hancock. From Ripsaw Records, 121 North Fourth St., Easton PA 18042.

Twenty Bluegrass Originals: Instrumentals (Gusto) is a generous serving of fine picking from an all-star bluegrass lineup. Banjo freaks will go for the tasty licks provided by Bill Emerson, Don Reno, Allen Shelton, and

the daddy of 'em all, Earl Scruggs. There's also plenty of good mandolin and fiddle heard on such classics as Jimmy Martin's "Big Country," Jim & Jesse's "Border Ride" and Tommy Jackson's "Cotton Eyed Joe." Let's hope Gusto continues with its policy of reissuing material from the King and Starday vaults. How about some of those long out-of-print Delmore Brothers albums?

Bruce Cameron Jazz Ensemble: *With All My Love* (Discovery) is a set of strong contemporary jazz from a talented collection of San Diego musicians. Cameron plays trumpet and flugelhorn with monster chops and taste to boot. The rhythm section really cooks, especially with Latin-derived rhythms, and there are plenty of fine soloists on hand. Special mention must be given to vocalist Charlotte Steele, who contributes a clear, beautiful voice to the title tune and "Love Is On The Way." From Discovery Records, Box 48081, Los Angeles CA 90048.

Jazz pianist Oscar Peterson is heard in two different settings on two recent Pablo releases. *The London Concert* features Peterson in the company of drummer Louis Bellson and bassist John Heard. Peterson is often pegged as a Tatum spin-off, but he's definitely his own man, and his playing is funkier and bluesier than Tatum's. A marvelous "Falling

In Love With Love" and "Sweet Georgia Brown." taken at a mind-boggling tempo, are the highlights of this set. Guitarist Joe Pass and bass monster Niels Pedersen join Petersen for *The Paris Concert*, which contains a hard-swinging "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone," and "Benny's Bugle." Pedersen's chops, tone, and taste never fail to amaze; he's the perfect bass man for Oscar.

Ricky Skaggs: Sweet Temptation (Sugar Hill) is the best country album to come our way in a while. An accomplished singer, fiddler and mandolinist, Skaggs is well-known in bluegrass circles for his work with Ralph Stanley, J.D. Crowe, and Boone Creek. He's currently working with Emmylou Harris' band, a gig that should give his talents wider exposure. The material here is bluegrass and honky-tonk, and showcases Skaggs as a vocalist more than a picker. His soulful singing reflects the Stanley Brothers influence, and several Carter Stanley tunes are included. A mind-boggling assortment of sidemen is on hand including Buddy Emmons, Tony Rice, Jerry Douglas, Albert Lee, and Bobby Hicks. One of the few drawbacks is the presence of Emmylou Harris, who simply doesn't cut it as a bluegrass singer. "I'll Take The Blame" and "Forgive Me" are among the many strong tracks.

Bill Evans Trio With Lee Konitz & Warne Marsh: Crosscurrents (Fantasy) brings together three great jazzmen for an outstanding session. Konitz and Marsh, on alto and tenor saxes, weave long, sophisticated and intricate lines over pianist Evans' marvelous chords. Evans' harmonic artistry is breathtaking, and his lyricism

tempers the heavily intellectual approach Konitz and especially Marsh often display on their own recordings. Bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Eliot Zigmund round out the date. When Konitz and Marsh blow together, there's rare and inspired music to be heard.

The Art Ensemble of Chicago: Nice Guys (ECM/Warner Bros) is a major album by the pioneering and eclectic avant-garde group. The AEC's music features much collective improvisation, but it also utilizes notated ensemble sections. Lester Bowie, Joseph Jarman, Roscoe Mitchell, Malachi Favors and Don Moya express a spectrum of emotions ranging from joy to rage, and not excluding humor. There's an intensity and sense of purpose here that is conspicuously absent from most avant-garde jazz. The AEC's "Great Black Music" is certainly a change for the usually mellow "beautiful sounds" of the ECM label.

The Lester Young Vol. 4: Lester Leaps In (Columbia) is of special interest to fans of the great tenor saxist in that it contains material and alternate takes that have been long out-of-print or available only on obscure labels. Lester's greatness is undiminished by time. Probably no jazzman has ever said more on his instrument. Side Two of this two-disc set contains four (count em) takes of "Dickie's Dream" and two of "Lester Leaps In." The original "Tickle Toe" is also included. Go, Prez baby.

Twenty Bluegrass Originals (Gusto) offers a bonanza of bluegrass classics from artists including Flatt & Scruggs, Jimmy Martin, Reno & Smiley, The Stanley Brothers, and others.

There are some real gems here, including Jimmy Martin's "You Don't Know My Mind." The Country Gentlemen's "New Freedom Bell," Reno & Smiley's "I Know You're Married," and Jim Eanes' "Log Cabin In The Lane" featuring Allen Shelton on the banjo. The serious bluegrass collector will have most of this material, but newcomers will find this to be an excellent sampler.

The Best of The Best of Little Jimmy Dickens (Gusto) contains new recordings of Dickens' greatest hits. The producers have resisted the temptation to "sweeten" the music with the standard Nashville pap, and the music here is very close to the original recordings of the 50's. Jimmy is in strong voice as he renders "Out Behind The Barn," "Take An Old Cold Tater and Wait," "We Could," and other favorites. It's good to hear the original twin guitar breaks intact.

Anne Murray: New Kind of Feeling (Capitol) is a typical set from the Canadian country-pop singer. Miss Murray can be a distinctive, warm, and evocative singer, but the tunes and arrangements she winds up with don't always showcase her talents to their best advantage. There is some good new material here, however, including "Heaven is Here" and "He Can't Help It If He's Not You."

Dee Dee Bridgewater (Elektra) finds the singer in a slick funk bag. Miss Bridgewater's vocal talents were evident in her jazz recordings and even in "The Wiz" (she was in the stage cast), but George Duke's production doesn't leave much room for Dee Dee to really do her thing. "Back Of Your Mind" comes closest to the mark.

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BUF

THE BIG UP FRONT SWINGER

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FEATURES

- 6 CUT OFF!Buck Walker
The case of the amputated penis, or a pecker's worth of trouble.
- 8 THE SECRET SEX THEATRE CLUBJohn Doe
Hamlet said, "The play's the thing" — the foreplay is great, too.
- 18 THE LADY WITH THE CRYSTAL BALLSSebastian Gray
She had two — but neither foretold what was in store for her.
- 28 BIG RED AND THE COWBOYEd Modzelewski
To plug up business, the bartenders started horsing around.
- 31 "A" FOR ADULTPaul Steiner
Hot lines and racy tidbits from the sexed-up world around us.
- 44 GARDEN OF BEER CANS AND MEMORIESRalph B. Griffin
She pulled him out of his reveries with her own golden dreams.
- 54 MINI VERSEWilliam Garvin
Short rhymes penned about today's many-sided sex scene.

PICTORIAL

- 10 SUSIE
- 22 JAYNE
- 34 KELLY
- 36 BUF SWINGER OF THE MONTH
- 48 LANE
- 57 COLLECTOR'S ITEM
- 62 MIKKI

DEPARTMENTS

- 3 ON THE SCENE
- 21 THE SWINGING SCENE

NON-PORNOGRAPHY CODE SEAL



Our Non-Pornography Code Seal is a warranty that this magazine does not contain material that graphically depicts acts of sexual intercourse, sodomy, sadomasochistic abuse, sexual bestiality, masturbation, excretion, incest, child molestation, and male genitalia.

This magazine is, however, intended for adults only and does feature the big up front shapes of girls from all over the world, as well as sex-related, but not obscene, articles, stories, cartoons and humor.

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The case of the amputted penis — or you can't make beautiful music without an organ.

CUT OFF!

by Buck Walker

Some folks have said that they wouldn't take anything for the one they've got, and songwriter Shel Silverstein once wrote a song about a fellow who made all the girls go wild " 'cause he got two," but the writer never could figure out where he had the second one hid.

Most of the readers of this publication are worth close to a million dollars with the one they have — and they don't even know it. They even go in public with the object hidden. However, they might be arrested if they strolled through the park with their penis at salute and adorned with a satin ribbon and a diamond.

The thought of being utterly peter-less is fodder for a horror tale. Men have always felt that their manhood was somehow totally embodied in the physical endowment between their legs. And, even though the tools are amazingly similar from male to male, each penis is no less important to its owner.

But did you ever wonder just how much it was worth? When the wife — if you still have one — or girl friend is on the war path and the last woman who looked at you with lust turned your heart to stone instead of your penis, have you wondered if it was worth something more than a simple drainage pipe for bathroom chores?

There's a fellow in Pittsburgh who can tell

you exactly, in dollars and cents, how much a healthy penis is worth. He received \$825,000.00.

Harold Michael was 21 in 1974 when he checked into the North Hills Passavant Hospital for minor surgery to correct an undecended testicle. The patient was scheduled to be married soon after being dismissed, but the doctor who performed the surgery made one hell of a mislick.

Inadvertently, the doctor amputated the man's penis.

Newspaper reports quoted the doctor, who was 70 years of age at the time, as saying, "It's a shame about the boy."

Naturally, the patient sued. When the initial hearing was held, he was offered a cool \$300,000 to settle out-of-court, but even the judge laughed at the offer.

Recently, the case was finally settled out-of-court for a reported \$825,000. Most men wouldn't think of selling theirs for that regardless of what the little woman might say.

The author knows one fellow who clipped the newspaper story from the local paper and rushed home to show it to his wife.

"You may feel that I'm a worthless, no-good bastard, but you've been ignoring a million dollars for too damn long!"

And you should be glad the thing only gets better with use. □

THE SECRET SEX

You too can join this exclusive "drama society." All you need is the approval of every member and



Picture this.

A stage designed to look like a woodland clearing surrounded by trees, overgrown foliage and decoratively-spaced rocks. The lighting is up full to suggest the brightest time of day. On stage are twelve young well-built male ballet dancers dressed from the neck down in black skin-tight leotards — except that the crotch piece is missing on all the costumes so that the dancers' privates are very public. To the base of each of the peckers is attached a flower which bounces around wildly as the dancers gracefully perform their Arabesques, Battement a la secondes and Croises to the music of Stravinsky's "Rites of

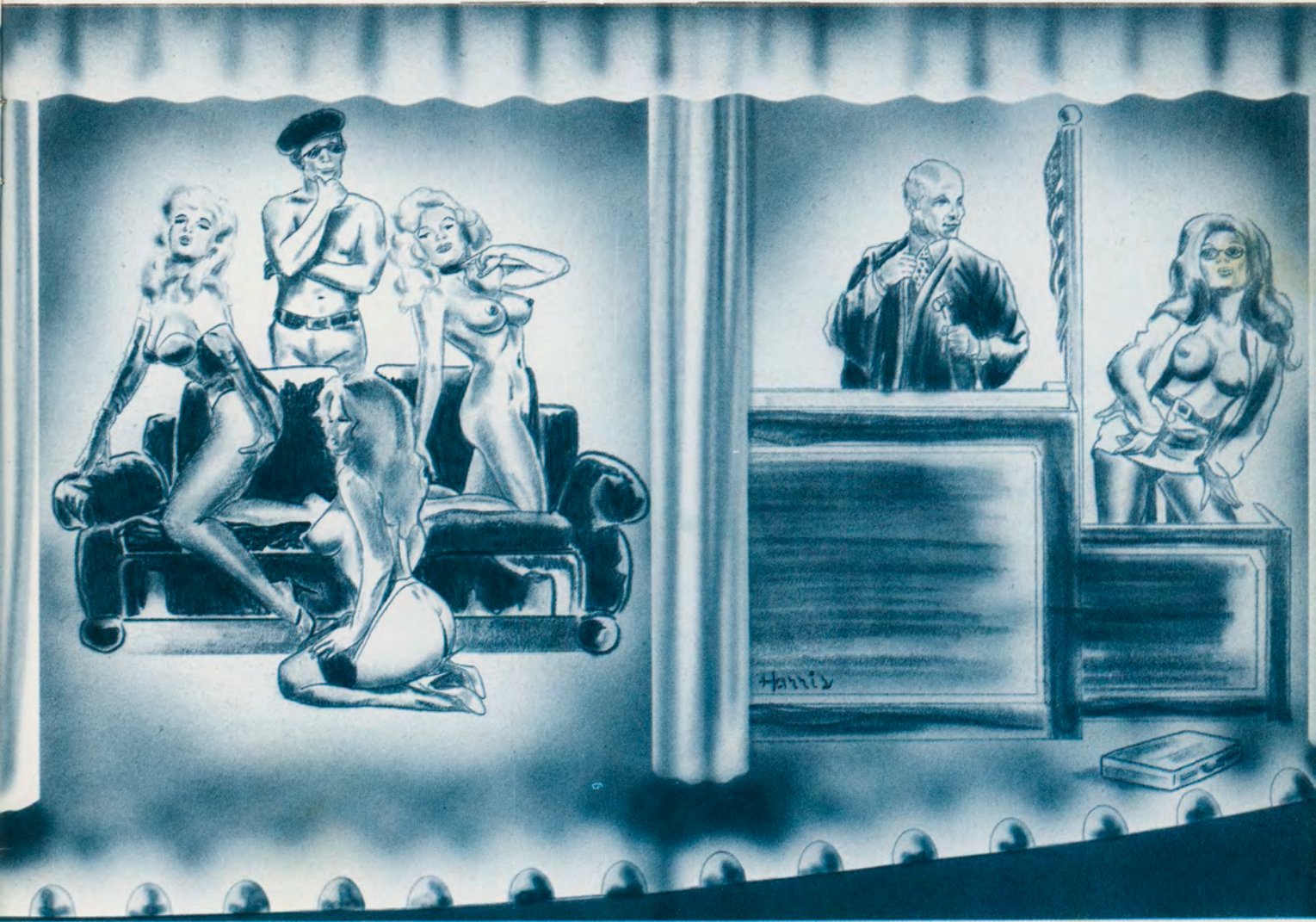
Spring."

Suddenly from the wings appears the sole ballerina dressed only in a thick coat of white powder. More — though she has a great set of boobs and legs — to hide the fact that she's in her early fifties, than as a costume. Around each wrist and ankle is a beewing bracelet which makes sense when she corners each of the dancers, in turn, and extracts the pollen from each of their "flowers". Well, almost extracts the pollen because like an officer in the Army she leaves each private standing at attention.

Suddenly instead of her chasing them, the male dancers start chasing her. And as they

THEATRE CLUB by "John Doe"

a cool \$100,000. To paraphrase Hamlet, The play's the thing — and the foreplay is terrific, too!



catch her, each one, again in turn, enjoins his member in her as they leap about the stage performing elevations and pas de Deux. Not until each of the male dancers has been left lying spent on the stage does the bee flit off.

Did this really take place or was it the project of someone's imagination? The answer to both parts of that question is YES. The performance took place at the Fantasy Stagelights Club, one of New York City's best kept secrets. Secret not because anyone involved is worried about police interference. What with all the massage parlors and live sex shows open to the public in the Times Square area, the police couldn't care less.

But a secret because of exclusiveness. If the public were to get wind of the club's existence, it could cause a great deal of embarrassment to some of the hand-picked members.

The Fantasy Stagelights Club is located in the East Sixties in a former town house once owned by a kooky modern dancer whose life story has been done on the screen by a major motion picture company. In the late fifties the duplex second story was turned into a legitimate Off Broadway theatre but theatrical economics made it impossible to stay open and it closed shortly after, as did most of the Off Broadway theatres. The building remained

(continued on page 17)

THE BUF SWINGER 9





SUSIE

This sensational new British mammoth mammaried marvel highlighted our August Gem and everybody was so excited over her



that we immediately scheduled a second showing. Susie was mighty flattered to be asked to appear again so soon, and she got



herself up with a new hair-do especially for the photo session.

Alert readers will recall that Susie, a col-



lector of rare coins, is employed as receptionist at a firm that manufactures bird cages. We dropped by her London office one afternoon,





and found Susie at her desk singing "I'm only a bird in a gilded cage." She doesn't have a big voice — but her boobs are huge and over-

whelming. She chirped gaily to see us, anxious to once again flaunt her plumage before our appreciative readers. As she fluttered







about we wished we could spend much more time billing and cooing with her.

We were sitting in the catbird seat as Susie

warbled on about the latest addition to her collection of rare coins. 'I've just got hold of the rare 'Bearded Victoria' shilling piece.

(continued on page 57)

SECRET SEX THEATRE CLUB

continued from page 9

empty and no one, not even now, can understand why he won't rent it out to one of the many non-profit Off-Off Broadway theatres that spring up almost everyday and are desperate for space.

Of course, the real reason is that he wanted the theatre for himself and his handful of friends so that they could act out their sexual fantasies without fear of public knowledge and possible recriminations. When we say exclusive, we mean exclusive. First off, membership costs \$100,000 a year, and no one can become a member unless each of the other members approve of their application. And to apply you must be invited to do so by one of the members. You can appreciate the need for exclusiveness when you realize that among the members is a Corn Belt senator, a congressman from the West Coast, a New York State Supreme Court Judge, the owner of a chain of department stores in the Bible Belt, an heiress and a titled European couple, to mention just a few. Even in the liberated Seventies, people who count on votes or sell to the public can't afford to be labled in the press as kinky swingers.

The idea for the Fantasy Stagelights Club came into being after a dinner given by the banker for some of his close American friends. Late in the evening when the drinks had loosened most of the guests tongues, the conversation, as it always does, turned to sex, and the heiress to a coal mine suggested, as the host took them for a tour of the empty theatre, what a great place it would be to act out all their sexual fantasies.

Everyone began to joke about

the idea, but before they called it a night, it became a reality and all the details, except for one that was later changed, were worked out and still exist.

The productions would have to be produced in good taste (no joke intended) which meant that they would have to be staffed by professionals. Pros with such high ratings in the theatrical field that they couldn't afford to be connected with commercial porno which meant that they, too, would demand no publicity but would be offered such fabulous payment for the one performance that they couldn't say no. Another rule was that the fantasizer must act out his or her own role in his or her fantasy. Professionals would be used for the other parts.

The one rule that was changed was that all the members would watch the performance in the buff. But at the first production of the Fantasy Stagelights Club, the membership got so horny watching the enacted sexual fantasy that the audience turned into an orgy and no one paid any attention to what was going on onstage. From that first show on, the audience now attends in full attire and watches with the same demeanor as if they were at a Broadway play. What goes on after the performance is their own choice — which usually is an orgy.

For their \$100,000 bucks a year dues, each of the members (at the latest count, they come to 18) is entitled to one full production of their current favorite fantasy. These shows are not put on at any special scheduled time but rather when one of the members suggests a fantasy and the production is finalized. Since the members live all over the States, their annual dues include being picked up and flown back and forth in the banker's private jet before each

performance, which also adds to the secrecy of the production. Only the members know when they're being put on and absolutely no guests are allowed.

If you could afford it, would you spend \$100,000 to have one of your fantasies acted out with you as the star? Don't forget, it doesn't have to be anything special, except for you. For example, let's look at an industrialist's fantasy which was one of the first to be produced. It was quite simple and basic. He cast himself as a dentist and was visited by a young, superbly-shaped woman patient. After the usual preliminaries, he seated her in the chair and told her to open her mouth. After looking inside with a mirrored instrument, he inserted his forefinger which he rotated all around and then slowly pushed back and forth through her pursed lips. He then took the drill — and proceeded to grind away all the buttons on the girl's blouse, the material finally falling away revealing a large rounded pair of beautiful, pink-tipped breasts.

Using a thin coating of wax, he made the light cast of the boobs, shaping and molding it carefully and lovingly. After removing it, he "washed" away the remnants of the wax from her breasts with his tongue. He then lifted his patient's skirt, removed her panties and took a cast of her vagina — after which he cleaned up the wax remnants the same way as before.

Standing up, he once again inserted his finger into the woman's mouth. At the same time, he opened the fly of his pants and his rigid penis sprang out. Pushing a lever, the dentist chair moved forward — and down, and in a few moments it wasn't his finger that was being inserted into the "patient's" mouth. Afterwards, he pushed another lever and the chair

(continued on page 60)



As a fortune teller, she had two and had psychically screwed many a client but she couldn't foresee the real thing coming

THE LADY WITH THE CRYSTAL BALLS

by Sebastian Gray

Thirty-nine-year old Linda Summers inherited her first ball from her grandmother when she was only sixteen. That particular old lady was a devout Roumanian Catholic, so she didn't believe in anything as superstitious as reading the future, but she was gossipy (a trait handed down to Linda) and she was fond of telling about how she had acquired the ball and from whom.

The odd glass ball with the onyx base came from a Romany gypsy named Sieulde, and in its cloudy depths the gypsy supposedly foresaw the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand in 1914. The grandmother told this story so often in Linda's childhood that the desire to become a scrier — a crystal-ball fortune teller — grew inside Linda like a pleasant malignancy. During high school, while she was twitching her sexy little butt as a cheerleader, she did a few party tricks with the old ball, making up stuff mostly but using her quick mind, her female intuition, and her acute sense of simple human psychology, to bring innocent deceptions off with a flair.

The grandmother left her the ball in her will, and after that there was no stopping Linda in her desire to reveal the future for anybody with five bucks to spare. Through two marriages, Linda practiced her dubious art — without it ever once occurring to her that there might actually be some truth to it, which could have saved her from second-guessing both her disenchanting husbands, and being left with a teenaged son to rear alone. But self-prognostication never did benefit Linda.

However, a wild streak of sheer luck did.

One day the husband of her good friend, Mildred Harrison, called her up for a reading.

"Don't tell Mildred, for God's sake," Sidney Harrison begged. "She doesn't believe in your stuff."



That came as a crude surprise to Linda, who had always assumed Mildred sat back in general awe of her occult powers. But business is business, so Linda dutifully gave Sidney his reading complete with hand passes over the crystal ball and deep concentrations for seconds at a time.

She forewarned Sidney of an ominous happening, then softened the blow by predicting a wonderful and happy event to follow the trouble. It was one of her standard gazings.

Sidney was elated. It was, he told her, exactly what he had hoped to hear, since he had made a chancey business deal but yearned to recoup in a substantial way on his investment. He gave her a flat fifty bucks for her reading, instead of her usual fee of five. And that was how she acquired her second ball, ordering the forty-dollar item through a Chicago firm advertised in *Fate* magazine.

A week later her prediction for Sidney came true — in a most unpredictable way. He slipped on a sliver of crusty ice in his own driveway, suffered a brain concussion, lingered in an expensive hospital room for three days, then died. That was the ominous happening. The "wonderful and happy event" fell to Mildred, who was informed by her husband's attorney on the same day Sidney was interred that he had an insurance policy for two-hundred-thousand dollars with a double indemnity clause. Thus, Mildred was not just an ordinary widow, but a very rich one.

Since Sidney had confessed the reading to Mildred before he died, she became an overnight believer.

Mildred came regularly to Linda after that. She had her reading every second Sunday of

every month. Like a single witch gathering for a Black Sabbath, Mildred came to Linda's kitchen to have her future charted through the cloudy depths of one of the two balls.

Never was Mildred's faith quite as strong as the day she returned from a two-week vacation in Florida. She announced to Linda that maybe she was in love, and maybe she was going to marry again.

"What I want to know, honey," Mildred said to Linda over the phone, "is whether this nice guy is after my money or my body. He's flying in tomorrow night in hot pursuit of me, so I've gotta know!"

"You're asking the ball for a lot, Mildred."

"And I'm willing to pay a lot for the information — but I want you to be *real* sure of what you see, honey. We're talking about my future, y'know."

"Exactly," Linda said.

Linda set the reading for the next afternoon at four. She didn't get off from work until then — she worked for the city in the water department office — and she needed a little time to get changed into her black-sheath fortune-telling dress, to pull the kitchen curtains, to light the coconut-flavored incense stick, and to set up the ball.

She used the old ball her grandmother had given her. She wanted a good effect, although she had already made up her mind about what she would tell Mildred. She'd been thinking about the matter all day long.

Mildred arrived exactly on time, her fifty-year-old Florida tanned body sensually plump in her rose-pink dress, and her eyes bright and moist behind her Foster-Grants. It was the clue Linda had been waiting for. Her mind was now fully made up about what Mildred wanted to hear.

"I see a strong man in your life," Linda said, after the necessary abra-ca-dabra preliminaries.

"That's Sam, all right," Mildred breathed, squinting into the ball's surface herself. "Does he have a tatoo of a blue horse on the back of his right hand?"

"Uh — yes, I think he does."

"That *has* to be Sam, then."

Linda nodded. "Yes, I see the man with the blue horse on his right hand smiling at you. He loves you, Mildred — for yourself."

Mildred was breathlessly silent for a moment, then she asked, "Does Sam want to marry me?"

Linda weighed that enigma in her mind — but was saved temporarily from guess-work by the bungling appearance of Tim, her seventeen year old son. He banged through the kitchen door, long hair and all.

"Mom — I need the car tonight, okay?"

"I'm busy, Tim."

"Yeah, but I got this hot date with Karen Suttersly. So okay if I use the car?"

Linda peered into the crystal ball by habit. "Yes, take the car — but be in by eleven o'clock."

"Great, mom. Thanks!"

"Honey," Mildred insisted, the second the boy had disappeared, "does Sam wanta marry me?"

Linda glanced again into the ball, narrowing her eyes dramatically. "Yes," she whispered, "he does. But he may not actually say it. He's strong but shy, stubborn but patient, easy-going but capable of being his own man."

"That's Sam," Mildred confessed.

* * * *

The reading had been worth twenty-five bucks to Mildred, and Linda went around for the rest of the afternoon smiling to herself. Later that evening, she

(continued on page 53)

THE SWINGING SCENE

By Rod Reed

After having sexual intercourse you could lose your memory. So says Dr. Richard Mayeux of the Neurological Institute.

This is sad to learn. A roll in the hay occupies a comparatively short time. The boon is that you can think about it for days, weeks, months and even years afterward. But what if you forgot about it a minute after it was over? That's a dreadful eventuality.

Dr. Mayeux gives us hope. He says we may regain our memories in a short time.

He may be right. But I lost my girl. I forget where I laid her.

LOVE LESSONS FOR RAPISTS

Are you shy around women? Do you have trouble getting dates? Do you feel awkward when trying to make a pass?

Hang in there, pal! Help is on the way. Uncle Sam is spending \$500,000 to teach you and other oafs how to make out without using force. Just tell the Department of Health, Education and Welfare that you enjoy a bit of rape now and then. They'll assign a pretty female teacher to reform you and show you the better way.

Let us hope the scheme works out. Let us also hope the teacher has a black belt in karate.

SEX AND THE UNION

In New York Barry Feinstein, president of Teamster's Union Local 237, said he would like to

organize prostitutes. "Any person who works for a living deserves to be represented." A noble thought.

But if the whores went on strike how could they control the amateurs? Picket bedrooms and lovers' lanes? What about economy-minded jerk-offs?

Well, anyway, the proposed merger has a nice ring — Truckers and Fuckers.

SWINGLINES

Jimmy may be an expert on peanuts but that ain't what his constituents are paying for gasoline.

Johnny Carson is making the fellow such a household name that we may soon be watching "The Fred Silverman Show."

Carolyn Davis, I love you. But when are you going to send me that \$100,000,000,000,000,000?

Suggested Gay motto: Give a sucker an even break.

Inflation sent whiskey prices up. That will cause a lot of people

to give up rye — bread, that is.

Girls who say yes are laid back.

A dog is man's best friend. He never becomes a Senator.

Sex and violence raise TV ratings. Hockey's ratings are low. Better get some sex in there, you pucking fellows!

Paul Whiteman said, "Rock is all right, but I still prefer music."

JAZZ DEPARTMENT

In Count Basie's mostly black band the drummer is a paleface. Is this because all those honkies naturally got rhythm?

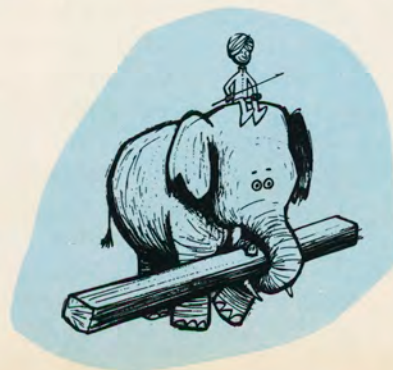
SEXY VOCALIST DEPARTMENT

When you go up to the attic and dig out some of grandpa's "78" discs you may come upon Sophie Tucker singing: "I believe in giving tit for tat. That's the way I live. And I'm entitled to a helluva lot of tat for what I've got to give!" Sophie was called "The Last of the Red Hot Mamas." She may also have been the first of the BUF babes.

TV DEPARTMENT

After it was rumored that Chevy Chase was angling for "The Tonight Show" job, Johnny Carson, a disinterested observer, observed, "Chevy Chase could not ad lib a fart after a baked bean dinner."

(continued on page 70)







JAYNE

Although our mag specializes in the Big Up Front type, we do recognize a pretty face when we see one. So we couldn't resist including this lovely young thing in this month's issue. If you're a BUF fan, who can't appreciate a slender, sensual knock-out, then just skip these pages. But you'll be missing something special. It's not everyday we run across a gal so beautiful that we





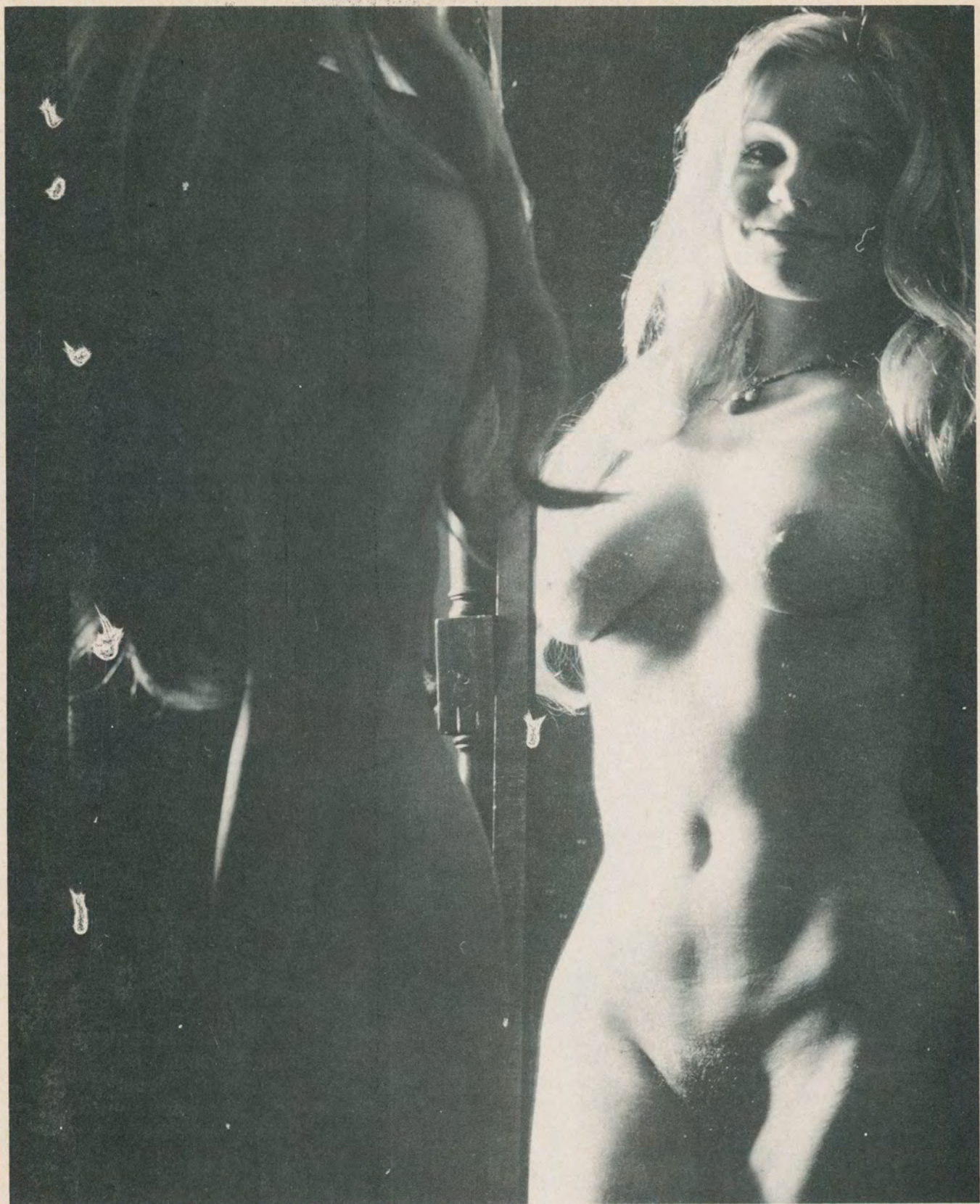
abandon the "chest test" all girls must pass before they're even considered for inclusion in our pages.

A native Londoner, Jayne is kept busy with her busy schedule as an advertising

24 THE BUF SWINGER

model both in England and here in the states which she visits often. She has appeared in ads for a number of major companies, and has done a great deal of fashion modeling.

Jayne stays in shape by jogging daily and



watching her diet closely. She enjoys skiing, horseback riding and making the disco scene. She confesses that John Travolta turns her on and that TV series-programs turn her off. Which makes sense — a looker

like Jayne isn't too likely to be sitting at home all that often watching the tube. She enjoys making the scene and has many boy-friends. There is no particular type she goes for, but she says she does dislike the loud,

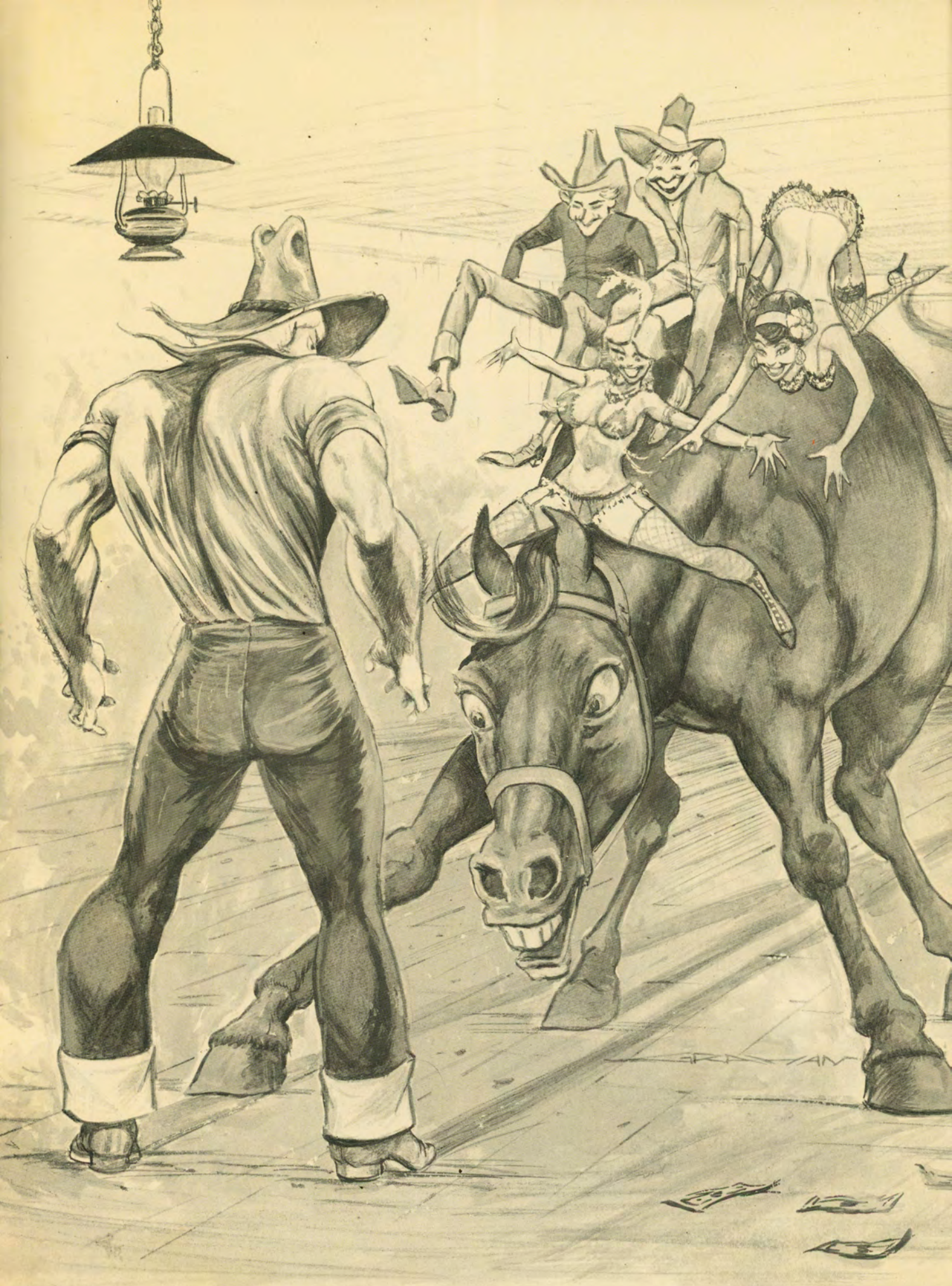


come-on-strong individuals and parts company from them as pronto as possible.

Although Jayne's not a BUFer, her buds are lovely and enticing in their own right,

and her slim,trim figure is certainly ship-shape. Ship-shape is the right expression, because her face can launch a thousand ships. □





What two very desperate bartending brothers did to cure the pain of an aching cash register is enough to make any buck decide to start horsing around

BIG RED AND THE COWBOY

by Ed Modzelewski

The profits from The One Hoss Saloon had been declining steadily. It wasn't that noticable from day to day, or even from week to week, but at the end of the year when Willie and Eric Bridges sat down to figure out their income tax, they realized just how much business had fallen off.

"We just got to do something to get more customers in," Eric said.

Willie agreed, saying, "I've been thinkin' along those lines for some time now."

Eric and Willie were brothers who had inherited the saloon from their dearly departed daddy a few years back.

Eric came up with the idea of having nickel beer nights. Willie agreed, stipulating that it should be for only one night a week. So every Wednesday the place was packed, from 7 o'clock until closing. But at a nickel a beer, profits did not increase. Instead it added a new problem: dealing with the increasing number of drunks!

One evening Eric told his brother, "This ain't workin' out so good. People must be saving their money for Wednesdays because the rest of the week is even slower than before."

Willie agreed and that ended nickel beer night at The One Hoss Saloon.

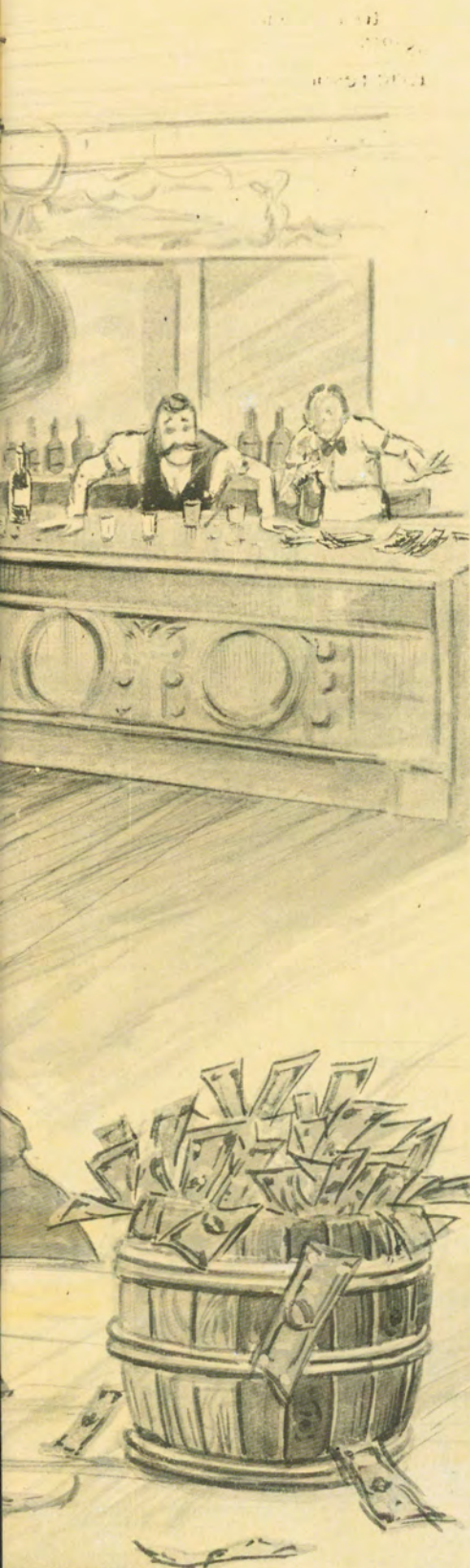
They tried other gimmicks but when they figured the monthly take, then subtracted the added expenses for the darn gimmicks, the profits sunk even further.

"Little brother, we got to do something," Eric said.

"Yep, big brother, you're right. And I've been thinkin' along those lines for some time now."

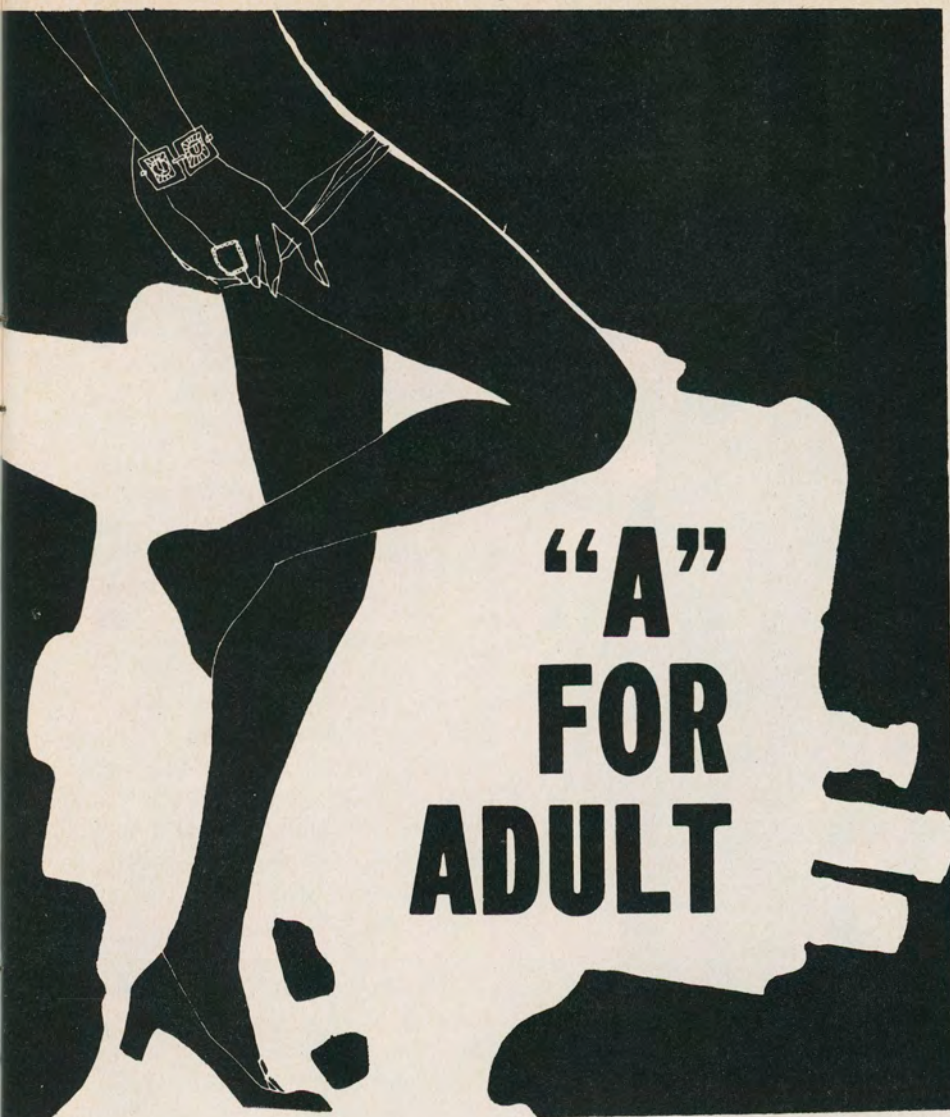
They retreated to opposite ends of the long bar and both were quickly absorbed in their own thoughts. The lone customer,

(continued on page 55)





"I became a jockey because I enjoy the way the saddle rubs against my clitoris."



“A” FOR ADULT

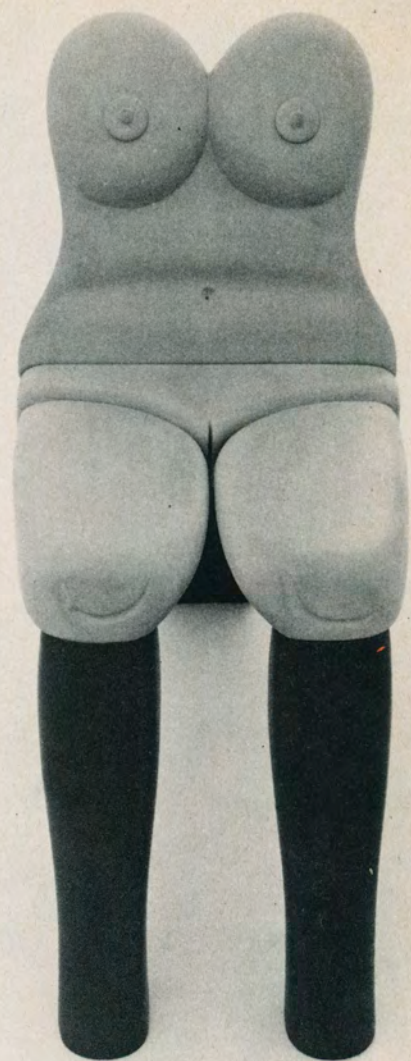
by Paul Steiner

Hot lines and racy tidbits from the sexed-up world around us.

According to TV host Joe Franklin, the reason sex is so popular is because it's so centrally located."

"Serena," which stars the super-porno-star of the same name, is sort of a triple-x version of the old Cinderella story laid in an elegant villa in lush surroundings. Serena labors as slave to three nubile, horny, but vicious sisters. In one of its hilarious scenes, the mistress of the house gets eaten right in the kitchen by a straggly-bearded delivery man. In a shower scene —

all three sisters always bathe and shower together for high erotic effect — one of them hums: "Some day my prince will come — all over my body. I hope." After suffering all sorts of degradations and sexual abuses, Serena (who is dressed scantier than any French Maid — she walks around bareass) encounters her Fairy Godmother who warns her: "At the ball you may f—k and s—k to your heart's content, but at the stroke of midnight you must go home." An added attraction is watching Jamie Gillis have sex with one of the domineering



"Torso" by Alan Siegel recently was shown at the American Craft Museum's "New Handmade Furniture" exhibit in New York.



"I'm All Yours", proclaims "Flora" in this whimsical Satircard from Thought Factory, California.



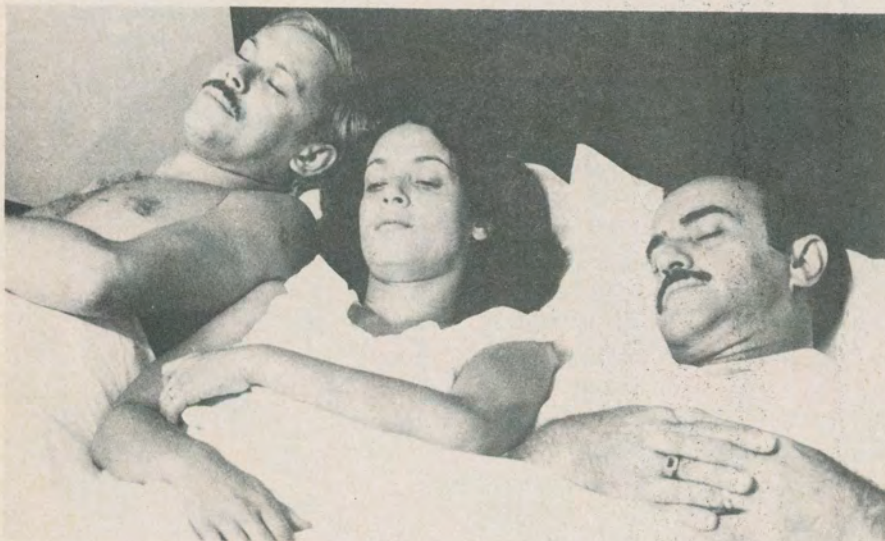
sisters, while Serena is penetrated by the not-so-charming Prince. Well, if the shoe fits . . .

In Woody Allen's "Manhattan," the hero knows his wife is bisexual when he marries her, but after living with him for a while she becomes a complete lesbian. Dating another young woman, the now-divorced man is told: "I'm beautiful. I'm young. I'm highly intelligent. I've everything going for me, except I'm all screwed up. I could go to bed with the entire M.I.T. faculty."

In "Little Birds," Anais Nin's recently published Book of Erotica, there's a chapter about a 16-year-old named Laura being told "endless stories about Brazil." Sample story: "In Brazil people make love like monkeys — frequently and easily. Also in Brazil there exists an animal much loved by horny women called the Chanchiquito. It looks like a very small pig with an overdeveloped snout. The chanchiquito has a passion for running up the skirts of women and inserting his snout between their legs."

Comic Buddy Hackett claims that when a woman went to the dentist and told him she was "so nervous she'd rather have a baby," he replied: "Make up your mind. I'll have to adjust the chair accordingly."

"Dona Flor," the hilarious Brazilian sex comedy has gone into re-release under a more explicit title, "Dona Flor and her Two Husbands." Flor, whose philandering, womanizing, unfaithful first spouse has gone to his reward, has taken as her second husband



Two scenes from the movie, "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands". The dude doing the fanny-clutching is Dona's deceased first husband come back to life, but visible only to her and the highly-entertained audience.

a more responsible, but sexually far less desirable chap. Much of the film's comedy is the result of husband number one returning to earth, but visible only to Flor — and the audience. there he sits, stark naked, on top of a bedroom closet, coolly watching his wife trying to make it with number two, then taking over himself in bed after two has blissfully dropped off to sleep. But that's only the beginning of his laugh — provoking, ass-grabbing antics and sexventures, which make the film superior to its musical-comedy version now playing on Broadway under the title, "Sarava."

Biggest laugh in that sweet little movie, "All Things Bright and Beautiful" comes when an apprentice veterinarian is dragged across a field through horse manure.

For some strange reason, Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art scheduled Alex de Renzy's "A History of the Blue Movie" on a Sunday afternoon when family and senior citizen attendance is at its peak. In a jammed auditorium the audience heard such porno statistics from a ponderous narrator that "after viewing 3,000 early blue movies two major critics concluded that fellatio was featured in about 37% cunningulus in only about 17%.

The earliest pornos — which already featured complete nudity and all kinds of sexual acts — were often filmed dirty jokes, the narrator explained. One, featuring seaside sex, has the parties exchange money and sex through a knothole in the wall of a flimsy beachhouse. The male, at the moment of truth, can not see that the naked girl substitutes a goat as the "port of entry."



Various arousing scenes from the hot West-German import, "The Swingin' Masseuses", a wild, hilarious and all-out sex survey of massage parlors around the world. A real trip!



KELLY



We were moping about the office one morning when a poker-playing buddy of ours phoned in to give us the lowdown on his latest discovery. "I went to the Friday night game, as usual," he said, "and one of the gals brought this friend of hers along. Stacked like

you wouldn't believe! And sharp too! She practically cleaned out the joint. The old lady ain't gonna be too happy when she finds out where the paycheck went. But it was worth a hundred bucks just to watch this chick."

His tale went right to our hearts. We







BUF SWINGER OF THE MONTH





promised him a healthy commission if he'd recruit this knockout for an appearance in our mag. The following Monday he called again to report success. A photo session was promptly scheduled.

Our buddy's story had excited us, but we

really lit up when Kelly made the scene. Talk about hitting the jackpot! This pretty chick had a pair to beat a full house! We lit up with a royal flush when she doffed her duds before the BUF cameras. There were certainly no cards missing from her deck.





Kelly, a native of Long Island, is an ace swimmer and she never misses a chance for a dip. Not only that but she's a true bathing

beauty as she has won several beauty contests and will no doubt collect a few more.

One game this superbly-shaped brunette



never has to play is solitaire. The guys line up for dates weeks in advance. We've never been much for poker, but we sure could go for a

round of stud with this BUF charmer. The rest of the jokers in our office went wild over her too and we all agree she's aces high! ☐





After 15 years, everything seemed to have changed for the worse.
Then he ran into the startling redhead with the golden dreams

THE GARDEN OF BEER CANS AND MEMORIES

by Ralph B. Griffin

The crudely lettered wooden sign read: "Consumption of the Alcoholic Beverage in public forbidden — Municipal Ordinance 928d. We ask cooperation. Please do not loiter in vicinity belonging to Garden of Dreams Market. Please do not drink beer in Parking Lot."

The fat man named Larry Andrews crushed the sides of the beer can together and hurled it at the sign. The other man leaning against the side of the market building cheered as the can hit the sign and clattered down to the asphalt of the parking lot.

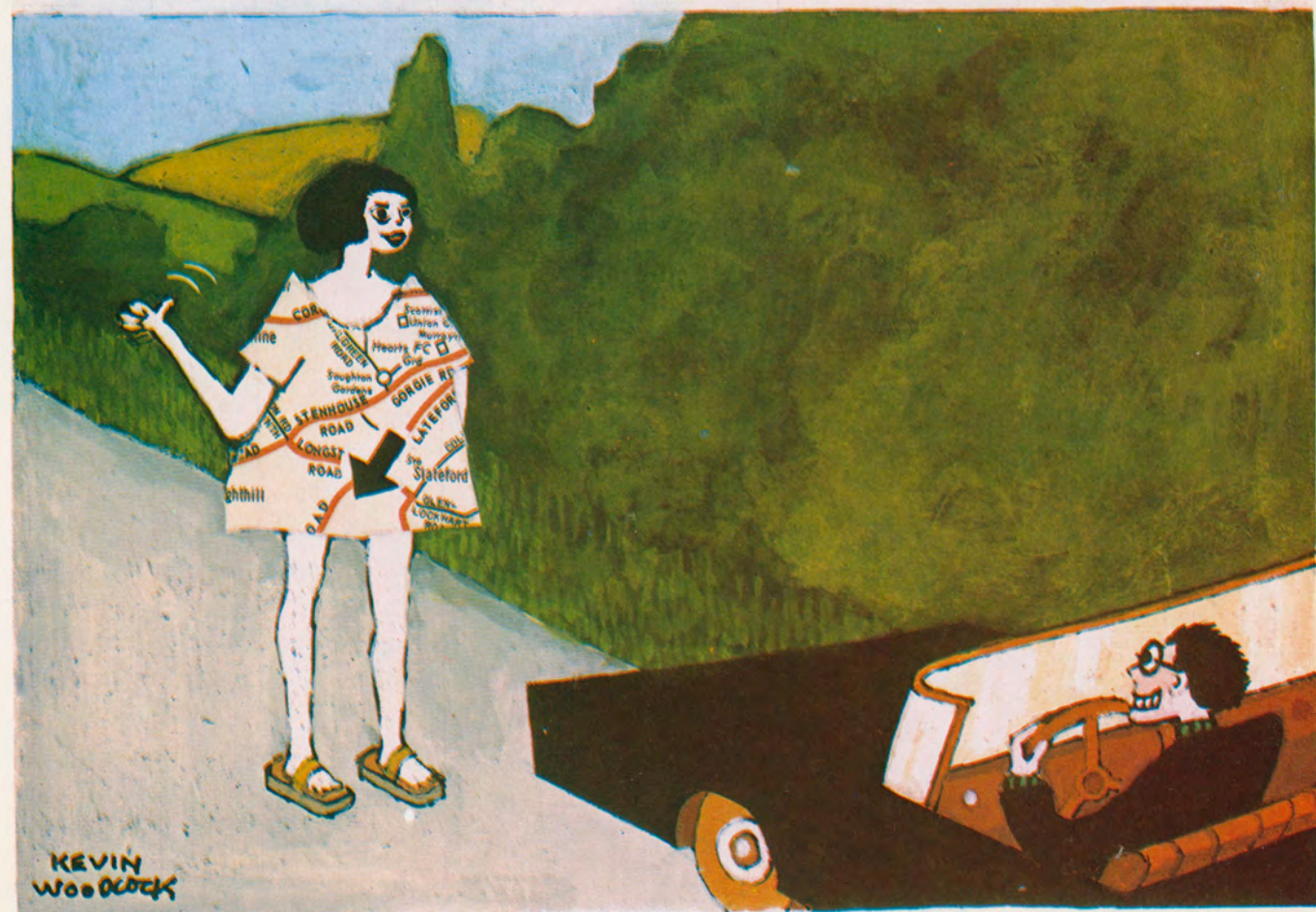
Larry Andrews bent down to the brown paper bag at his feet and pulled out another can of beer. He jerked the tab off the can as he opened it, and flung it out onto the parking lot. "OK!!" he said. "OK!!" He raised his hand and pointed a finger expectantly toward the sky. He lifted his leg and farted loudly. "Wait 'til you get a whiff of this one," he said. "Take a deep breath! There are vitamins in the air!"

The other men laughed. Another beer can clattered against the sign.

Louis Morgan lit a cigarette. He squatted on his heels and leaned against the side of the building. He sipped his beer and watched Gomez, Larry Andrews, Thompson and the others, all from the Western Sheet Metal Company. It was 4:30 Friday afternoon, payday. Although it was only his first week of work and he hadn't received a paycheck, Morgan was glad that it was Friday. After a week of operating a drill press at Western Sheet Metal, he had gladly accepted the invitation of Andrews and the others to 'go have a few beers'.

Morgan had expected to go to a bar or a pizza parlor. Instead, he had followed the caravan of cars and pickup trucks from the factory to a small market in a shopping center along the





highway. At the market, each man had purchased his own six pack of beer and carried it out to the adjacent parking lot. Morgan had hesitated for a moment but had finally joined the others at the side of the building.

Next to the market parking lot was a small cluster of buildings. They were of modern design and apparently recent construction. Morgan wondered what the buildings were. Things had changed so very much since he had been gone. Many orchards had been replaced by housing tracts and shopping centers. And there were freeways where, years before, there had been only meandering country roads.

But the Garden of Dreams Market was still there. Fifteen years before, when he had been in high school, Morgan and his friends had sometimes persuaded the aging Chinese proprietor to illegally sell them beer. Morgan wondered what had happened to the old man. Must be long dead by now, and the man now working behind the counter could be his son or grandson.

"Anybody wanna go down to Nelson's after awhile?" the fat man asked.

"No thanks, Andrews," Gomez said. "I been thinking about going up to Lake Tahoe."

"What are you gonna do?" Andrews asked. "Play Keno again? Hell, them are chump odds on that. Real sucker odds. You oughta just send them up a check, save you the trouble of driving up there." He lifted his leg and farted.

"Hey, look at that," Thompson said. "Look what's coming across the parking lot."

A very attractive red haired woman, tall and thin, had emerged from the cluster of office buildings. She wore tight faded blue jeans, sandals, and a

loose cossack style blouse. She walked across the parking lot and entered the Garden of Dreams Market.

"How'd you like to have some of that?" Andrews asked.

"Hell, I wouldn't mind screwing her again," a man answered.

The other men hooted derisively. "Hey Morgan," Andrews said, "You wanna go down to Nelson's tonight? Piece of ass is only fifteen bucks."

"Nelson's?" The squatting position had become painful, and Morgan rose to his feet. "Nelson's? Is that the place with the bar and the room upstairs? On Railroad Avenue, downtown? Is that place still open?"

"Is it still open? Does a rag doll have cloth tits? You bet it's still open," Andrew said. "Probably hasn't changed much since the last time you were there."

"I've never been there," Morgan replied.

"You never been in there? A home town boy like you?" the fat man asked skeptically. "A home town boy who never bought him a piece of ass down at Nelson's? You're trying to kid an old timer like me?" The other men laughed and jeered.

"You guys keep forgetting that I've been away for about fifteen years," Morgan said. "I joined the Army right after high school, and before that I was too young to get into Nelson's."

"Oh, look. Look, here she comes again. Oh, just look at that little ass wiggle."

"Hi, Baby," Andrews called. "Come sit on Daddy's face."

The woman turned and stared at the fat man. "You're disgusting," she said in a voice barely loud enough to be heard. "You really need help."

"You're damn right I need

help," the fat man yelled, rubbing his crotch. "Help me, Baby!!! I need help!" But the woman continued on her way and disappeared into one of the buildings.

"What is that place?" Morgan asked. "What are those buildings?" "There used to be a farm there, years ago."

"That? That there is North Valley Mental Health."

"Mental Health? You mean like a psychiatric hospital?"

"Nah. There ain't no beds in there, you don't stay there. It's a like a clinic, where you go once a week or something. When you ain't crazy enough to be locked up somewhere. That's where Mister Bojangles goes, but he has to go there about three times a week. Old Man Noyes drives him over from the Highway Cafe."

"You're talking about that kid who works in that greasy spoon cafe down by work? Kid who thinks he's Sammy Davis Jr. or somebody like that? Always singing and dancing around there?"

"Yeah, that's the one. And since he's been going to the North Valley Mental Heath there, he's been getting a lot better."

"Better, huh?" Morgan asked.

"Yeah. You know how now he thinks he's Sammy Davis Jr.? Well, before he got into all that therapy there, he thought he was the Mills brothers. All four of them. Been a hell of an improvement." The fat man laughed heartily.

"That chick with the red hair, she works there," Gomez said. "She's like a counselor or social worker or something like that. Her name is Jane Harris. I used to see her in there when I went there."

(continued on page 68)





THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES DEPT.

LANE

We ran this gal before in our "Thanks For The Mammaries" department, which celebrates those extra-special belles of Buf-

dom who have given us so much pleasure over the years. A number of our newer readers, who missed Ms. Lane's original ap-



pearances in our mag, wrote in to express their heartfelt admiration for this lass' magnificent physique, and suggested that we publish still more shots of her.

We haven't seen luscious Lane in quite a

while, but we were fortunate in having some more material featuring her stashed away in the extensive BUF archives. We wholeheartedly agree with our readers that Lane is a gal worth taking a second (and

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third and fourth) look at. It would be a major coup to get Lane back in our studios for another photo session. With all the commotion our readers are making, maybe

word will get back to her before long. We're keeping our fingers crossed and hoping that she'll come knocking at our door in the near future. □

LADY WITH CRYSTAL BALLS

continued from page 20

did her usual things. She took a bath, rolled up her hair, checked the fridge to make sure she wasn't out of TV-dinners, watched the *Tonight Show*, then hit the sack.

She had been asleep for what seemed aeons when the glass crashed in the kitchen.

She sat up in her dark bedroom, blinking her sleepy eyes like a cat.

"Tim?" she called.

No answer — just another ominous tinkle of glass.

She turned on the little lamp by her bed, and was just peeling back the sheet conveing her scantily clad body when another body — short, burly, drunk, and gangster-type male — came through her bedroom door like a snorting bull. She had time for only one little yelp of fright before he got to her.

It wasn't the first time she'd been raped. As a matter of fact, Tim's father had raped her repeatedly in the final months of their ridiculous marriage — if getting screwed without giving either permission or enjoyment constituted rape.

One thing she did know. There was no point in fighting. She let the crude sonofabitch have his way with her, clawing his face savagely only once — and that was when he tried to bite her covered nipple. That was also about the time she caught a glimpse of the blue horse on the back of his lousy hand!

He tied her up before he left. He gagged her with one of her own bathroom towels and used a couple of her belts hanging inside her bedroom closet to lash her hands and feet to a chair. He knew what he was doing. When he had finished, she was as constricted in her movements as a mummy.

By the time she got herself untangled, the dawn was filtering in through her bedroom windows.

She screamed out loud when the phone rang. Then she made her slow and painful way to where it continued ringing in the living room.

"Linda? Mildred — did I get you up, honey? Sorry if I did, but Sam and I just had to tell you the good news first, since you are basically responsible."

"Listen, Mildred —"

"No, honey, *you* listen. I'm dying to tell you! Sam came in early this evening and I met him at the airport. We had dinner and I told him all about you and your marvelous ability to see the truth in a crystal ball. I told Sam that if he had any animal ideas about marrying me for sex, to forget 'em. Told him I'd had all that with Sidney. Told him what I wanted was somebody to manage my money for me. So I sent him packing."

"Packing?" Linda managed.

"That's right, honey. Then I went to bed. But do you know what? I was sound asleep when Sam literally broke into the house again. He was drunk and exhausted and even had a nasty scratch on his jaw. Told me he'd been doing some thinking, and that I was right. Sex was no damn good for the two of us, that he wasn't much in bed, anyway. Said he was good at one thing, though — managing other people's money. Said he has friends in Chicago and Las Vegas, and he knows exactly how to turn my small fortune into a big one."

"Mildred—"

"And he *isn't* interested in my body, honey. Why, we've been cuddled up here in my bed for hours, and he hasn't so much as touched me. Sex is the last thing on his mind!"

Mildred, let me tell —"

"Sam wants to talk to you, honey!"

The rough voice came huskily on. "Hi, there, Linda. I just wanta thank you for setting me straight about Mildred, here. I was a little sore about it, at first. I mean, you sticking your butt — uh — you getting involved, and all. But after I cooled off, I come back over here and told Mildred she was right. Told her you was right, too."

"Did you also tell her," Linda hissed, "that I'm calling the police?"

"Yeah? Hey, that's great, we'd love to have you for lunch. And, say, Linda, before Mildred and me forget it — we talked it over, and we thought we oughta reward you for playing Cupid, sorta. We wanta give you a thousand dollars, cold cash, as a thank you."

Linda stared at the edge of the sofa beyond her.

"You still there, Linda? Hey, here's Mildred again."

"Honey, wasn't it nice of Sam to suggest giving you some money. I'm all for it, too — on one condition. *Will* you be my bridesmaid?"

When the conversation was over, Linda was still sitting on the sofa with her hands folded numbly between her legs when Tim breezed in.

"I can *explain*, mom," he rattled quickly. "We had a flat tire and ran out of gas, and I didn't get Karen Suttersly home until just about an hour ago. And boy, was her dad hacked off. He acted like I'd raped her, or some dumb thing like that!"

Linda looked up at him with a twisted little smile that he didn't understand at all.

"You okay, mom?" he asked.

"I'm fine. Mildred is getting married."

Tim made a face. "Jesus, who'd marry *her*?"

"Ask my crystal ball," Linda said. □

A Swinger's Garden of Mini Verse

The shortest poems ever penned about today's many-sided sex scene

by William Garvin

GIFT PREFERENCE

A case of V.O.
Is better by far
Than a case of V.D.
Gotten in a car.

FELLATIO-FANCIER
TO RELUCTANT PARTNER
Eat it
Or beat it.

ONLOOKER AT ORGY ADVISES
NON-PARTICIPATING COUPLE
You
Two . . .
Screw!

IF AT FIRST . . .
Hey, May . . .
Today?
No way!
Say, Fay . . .
Lay?
O.K.!

CALL GIRLS IN THEIR OWN CARS
They go out hauling
To find paid balling.

BIG UP FRONTERS
Men gazers shout rahs
At the absence of bras

IMPOTENCE BLUES
No-erection
Dejection.

MASTURBATION
A self-induced fling
At doin' your own thing.

ENTHUSIASTIC SWINGERS'
OPINION OF MATE-TRADING
Swaps
Are tops.

MIDNIGHT CONVERSATION
The pill, the pill
Can make me ill.
The diaphragm
Won't fit. Oh, damn!
My IUD
Is missing, see?
A rubber? No;
I get no glow.

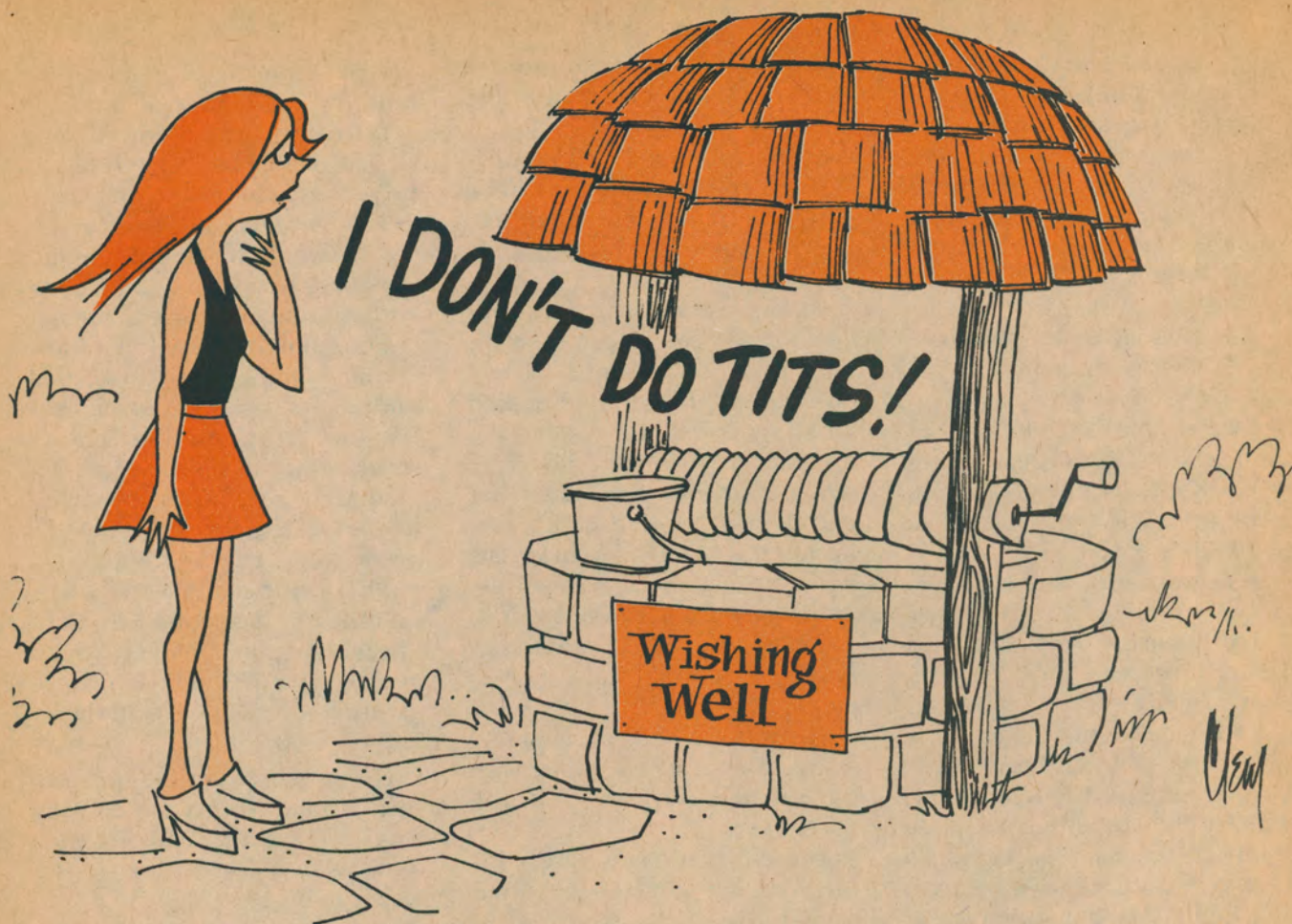
I guess it just will have to keep . . .
Roll over, dear, and go to sleep.

VOYEUR'S ADVANTAGE
If you just see,
You can't get V.D.

PORN-SHOP WINDOWS
Erotic wares
Are sure to draw glares
From female squares,
But attract steady sales
From passerby males.

YOUNG GAL DESCRIBING HER
ENCOUNTER WITH OLDER MAN
I tried it with Pop,
But he was a flop!

CATHOUSE
A domicile
Where sex is in style
And they're good at relieving a thirst;
For a nice sum of money
You can pick your own honey
And the customer always comes first.



BIG RED AND THE COWBOY

continued from page 29

Harold Beam, the town lush, sat on a stool midway between them, lightly dozing, with half closed eyes fixed on the empty shot glass.

Willie was the first to break the silence, shouting down to his brother, "Hey! Why not give a prize to the one who drinks the most?"

Eric responded with an annoyed glance. "C'mon, little brother. We want to make money, not give it away."

Willie got off his seat and headed toward Eric, saying, "Well, let's pretend that we'll give it away, but we won't."

"What the hell's that supposed to mean?"

"Well, with all those contests

going around, you ever hear of anyone winnin'?"

"Can't say as I have. But what're you drivin' at?"

"Say we offer a prize. Say a bucket of money. But what the customer has to do to win it will be just about impossible. We get more drinkers in here and it don't cost us anything extra. How's that sound to you?"

Eric sounded skeptical when he replied, "Sounds great. Only how's it gonna work?"

Willie shrugged, then said, "Too bad Big Red's so darn old. If he was younger, we could offer a bucket of money to anyone who could ride him. Remember how wild he was before he was broken?"

Eric's face brightened. "Yeah, something like that. But like you say, Big Red's so darn old that

even a kid could ride him now."

"Uh huh. He sure was a joy to behold when he was a colt. That's why daddy named this place The One Hoss Saloon, in honor of Big Red."

"Poor Big Red. He's so old now he hardly moves."

"Maybe we can offer money to anyone who can get ol' Red to move."

"To just move? C'mon. That's too easy. He's not *that* old. Anybody can get him to move."

"Well, maybe somethin' else then."

"Yeah, somethin' else."

Two weeks later they brought Big Red out of the barn, which was located directly in back of the saloon, and led him into the place. The horse was so docile that when they cleared the tables from the corner of the saloon,

they just left him there without bothering to tie him in place.

Then Eric placed a bucket, filled to the brim with silver dollars, beneath the old horse. Outside was a large sign proclaiming: **MAKE THE HORSE LAUGH AND WIN A BUCKET OF SILVER DOLLARS!**

Business increased immediately. At first it was only the local town's people, but as word spread around the county, others from nearby towns began to pour in, and the brothers began to pour drinks like the world had suddenly gone dry.

Business was booming like never before!

Jed Sommers, from Brewster, nearly forty miles away, was the first casualty.

"I can make that dumb horse laugh," he boasted. Then he proceeded to tickle Big Red's belly. Red barely moved, but when Jed Sommers went around Big Red's rear to find a more sensitive area, Big Red lashed out with a worn-horseshoed foot and kicked poor Jed Sommers right through the front window. Glass flew in all directions, but the horse did not laugh.

From that evening on the brothers wisely insisted on having the prospective participants sign a paper releasing them from any injury liability.

Business continued to boom as more and more flocked to their saloon to either witness or actually attempt to make the horse laugh. The brothers had to hire two additional bartenders and put on four new waitresses.

Then one summery day a tall, husky man, with the map of Texas etched in the features of his face, came in and ordered, "The coldest and biggest beer you got in this here place."

He took one glance at the horse and another at the bucket of silver dollars beneath its sagging belly and asked, "You

mean all I got to do is to make that old stud laugh and the money's mine?"

"That's right, stranger," Willie replied, grinning. "You just make the horse laugh and the bucket of silver dollars's yours."

The tall stranger removed his cowboy hat and placed it on the bar. Then, scratching his head, he sauntered over to Big Red and appeared to study the animal. A moment later he whispered into Big Red's ear and darn if Big Red didn't pick up his head and rear back. The horse's lips curled backwards, showing a great deal of teeth.

Then Big Red actually laughed. A long, loud horse-laugh!

The saloon went immediately silent. The brothers, along with the patrons, were stunned into silence!

The cowboy could barely lift the weighted bucket, but lift it he did. He didn't even stop to pick up his hat. He just lifted and dragged the bucket out to his yellow caddy and drove off with his prize.

Big Red was brought back to the barn by a highly disconsolate pair of brothers.

"I got the urge to take the shotgun to him," Eric wailed.

Willie, always the more sensitive of the two, said, "Hell, it weren't Big Red's fault. And besides, we did make a heap o' money while it lasted."

Two days later the horse was back in the saloon. But this time the sign outside was changed to read, **MAKE THE HORSE CRY AND WIN A BUCKET OF SILVER DOLLARS.**

Again people from all over came and again they failed and again the saloon's registers were so overflowing with cash that the drawers would not close.

Some participants were actually getting violent. They re-

sorted to pinching and trying to hurt the old animal in order to get it to cry. The brothers were forced to institute new rules of behavior. The horse could no longer be touched. Whatever the person would try in order to get the horse to cry, had to be done without touching the old animal.

Four months passed. A yellow caddy wheeled into town and pulled into a parking space near the One Hoss Saloon. Heads turned in the place as he was immediately recognized by many of the customers, including the proprietors, Eric and Willie.

They noticed the cowboy reading the sign outside, then observed apprehensively as he approached the animal inside, greeting it by saying, "Hi there, you ol' stud."

He somehow got the horse to turn around so that the cowboy was in the corner and shielded from view by the bulk of Big Red's body.

A scant moment later the cries coming from the animal's mouth were heard by all. Tears rolled from its eyes. The cowboy slid the bucket of silver dollars from beneath the sagging belly of the anguished animal and started for the door, only to be intercepted by both Eric and Willie.

"Hey look fellows, I won this money fair and square," the cowboy pointed out.

"That you did," admitted Eric.

"But what we want to know is how you did it," Willie pleaded.

"Oh, okay. Heck, I got the stud to laugh when I whispered in his ear that my penis's bigger than his."

The brothers looked incredulously at one another, then chorused, "But how did you get ol' Red to cry?"

"Simple," the cowboy grinned. "I just whipped it outa my pants and showed him!" □



COLLECTOR'S ITEM

continued from page 16

Only thirty were minted," she informed us. "You see," she continued "Queen Victoria never had a beard."

Susie is preparing to discuss her latest find

at the annual convention of the Shropshire Numismatic Society, and had already written of the coin in a number of scholarly journals. Several international collectors have





approached her with bids for the Bearded Victoria, but she says she's not selling. We approached her with a bid of another sort,

and were summarily refused. None the less, we sure think that Susie is great for anyone's collection, and we're happy to have her back.

SECRET SEX THEATRE CLUB

continued from page 17

raised up, and then went back until it was almost horizontal. At which the "dentist" filled the woman's lower cavity. Climax — and the play was over.

The fantasia of a well-known, late-thirtyish female author was also quite basic and down to earth. The setting was a Greyhound bus half filled with passengers. After giving her ticket to the driver, the "heroine", our author, walked toward the rear of the bus where she sat down next to a good looking young man. Soon after the bus "started" and the lights were dimmed, she pressed her leg against the young man's. She then put her hand on his knee and moved it up slowly toward his crotch. Once there, she pressed it against the hardened bulge and then deftly and, as if trying not to make any noise, slowly pulled the zipper down. Her fingers reached in and pulled out the fellow's extended prong. After looking around furtively as if to make sure that no one on the bus was watching, she slowly slumped down in her seat until her head was in the guy's lap — and then proceeded to give him head. She very expertly made it last as long as possible until the fellow couldn't hold back any longer. She then slowly rose up, and after looking around again to make sure none of the other passengers was looking, she lifted her dress revealing to the young man that she wasn't wearing anything underneath. She put his hand on her moist slit and put her other arm around his shoulders. Gently but firmly she pushed him down until his head was between her spread legs and she kept him there performing cunnilingus on her until the bus driver announced they'd be arriving at their destination in a

few minutes. When the bus "stopped" and the lights went on, she got up and quickly walked out without saying a word to the young guy. End of play.

A fantasy created and acted out by a paper mill owner had himself cast as a movie producer "interviewing", on his casting couch, three sexy young knock-outs made up to look exactly like Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield and Jean Harlow. Each of them stripped and eagerly did everything he wanted — and he wanted everything — to get the big juicy roles and contracts he dangled before them.

As stated before, all the productions are done on the highest professional level possible. These are the public fulfillment of the sex dreams of very rich people and they get what they want. There is no scrimping on costs when it comes to supplying the scenes and props.

Probably the most unique thing about the fantasy of a coal mine heiress was its setting, the action taking place in a coal mine. The "miners" had been protesting that the pit was not safe. To prove there was no danger, the trim and shapely heiress, really playing herself as the owner of the company, went down into the mine herself. But while she was trying to placate the men, there was an explosion and the only entrance to the tunnel they were in was sealed off. The miners first reaction was to kill her but, to save her life, she offered to satisfy every sex desire, no matter how perverse, of each and every one of them. In answer they savagely ripped off all her expensive outer garments, leaving her dressed only in a garter belt and black silk stockings. She wanted to take on each man individually but they were afraid they would run out of oxygen

before she could satisfy them one by one, so they went to work on her in trios. What with her mouth full, she couldn't very well protest. Nor could she move much for that matter since her own two tunnels were as blocked up as the mine. While each trio gave her the works, the next trio in line played with her breasts and any other part of her not being used at the moment.

The heiress had a great time performing in her play and made sure that all the miners had major tools. Impishly, she put a sad ending to the fantasy, everyone died either from lack of air or exhaustion — but they all died with a smile on their faces.

The fantasy of the Supreme Court Justice, in which he also played his own real life role, had a cast of only two in comparison to that of the heiress. The other part went to a beautiful young woman at least thirty years younger than the judge. The gist of the "plot" was that the girl had once been his law clerk and that he had always had the hots for her but that except for a joke or two, he never dared make a pass at her because he had to maintain the dignity of his office. Now the girl was a full-fledged lawyer and she came to the judge's office to ask a favor of him. She was about to try her first big case and said she'd be ever so appreciative if he could get the use of an empty courtroom that evening with the judge wearing his black robe so she could get the feel of things and be well prepared for the actual trial. The judge nodded assent as his eyes continually went to her big, sharp-tipped breasts and long, shapely legs. As she left swaying her shapely derriere sensually, the judge gazed at her lustfully.

The scene shifted to an empty court room with the judge wearing his robe and the lawyer

her legal briefs — a mini skirt and a low-cut, see-through blouse making it obvious that she wasn't wearing any bra. The judge listened to her case filled with legal terms and then bade her approach the bench. He said he had a motion to make and, so saying, reached out and freed her bulging boobs from the flimsy material. As he caressed and kissed them, he pulled her gently around to the side of the bench and then stood up. He let his robe fall open which not only revealed that he wasn't wearing anything under it, but that his own legal staff was badly in need of some female attention. He sat down again and ordered the beautiful lawyer to get down on her knees. She muttered some legal mumbo-jumbo about objecting but he overruled her objection, and in a few moments instead of her mouth being full of legal words, it was full of legal justice. When satisfied, he reached down and removed her mini skirt under which there was nothing but the whole truth.

Since no one in a court can ever be higher than the judge, he left her on the floor but lifted up her legs and wrapped them around his neck. He rebuked her for knowingly frustrating him all the previous years — and then gave her a thorough tongue-lashing.

When sated, he banged on the bench with the gavel stating that he had a ruling to make, to wit: that the lovely barrister lie down on the bench. He then banged away with his own gavel, administering justice until the case was closed.

Some of the fantasies are more subtle and involved, but the most opulent and ambitious production was the grandiose phantasmagoria put on by the club's founder, the Chinese banker. Fancying himself a karate black-belt champion, he didn't use his hands but his super



"You were first, first to penetrate — all the others ejaculated prematurely."

penis to chop boards in half — made of balsa wood, of course. Wearing a huge, special-made metal phallic contraption over his own member, he entertained great beauties who, having heard of his exceptional prowess, came begging to be penetrated by the most powerful shaft in the world. Super Pecker selected the twelve most beautiful girls, commanded them to undress and lie down on the dozen beds in the room. He lovingly covered the bodies of each with kisses and then, standing in the center of the chamber, told them all to spread their legs. Then like a chess master playing a dozen challengers simultaneously, he went from one beauty to another, ramming each in turn with his mighty tool. Each girl "screamed with happiness" as he plowed into them and the sounds of their ecstasy grew louder and louder as he ran faster from one to another, plunging his bolt of steel into

them with ever-increasing speed. He finished them off to a cacaphony of abandoned shrieks and as the play ended, the beauties threw themselves at his feet and declared they were his love slaves from then on.

One of the girls later told me that the banker paid her some heavy bread to come to his dressing room after the play and let him lay her. She said his own penis was small, not making up in width what it lacked in length. That explains his fantasy.

Through a connection I naturally won't divulge, I've been working on each production and thus have been able to see every play. Because I obviously don't want my identity to be known, I'm using the pseudonym "John Doe". But I really don't feel that I've breached any confidences. I haven't revealed any names and these sex exhibitionists can carry on as usual. Now if only I were rich — but that's my fantasy. □





MIKKI

We've met plenty of interesting gals in our worldly travels, but few are as intriguing as this slender but super-shaped brunette. An anthropologist by profession, Mikki recently returned from the Mideast where she was

involved in an exhaustive study of the Dead Sea Scrolls. "It's terrific to be back in the U.S. of A.," said Mikki. "I'm devoted to my work, but I also like to get up and boogie. And when it comes to nightlife, there's no place





like The Big Apple. The disco scene is really a trip. In the past week I must have been to twenty different clubs. It's a pleasure to unwind after all those months of work and

study. Just a few more weeks, though, and it'll be back to the old grind again.'

While in New York, Mikki checked out the King Tut show, and was favorably impressed.



"Back then, they knew how to send a guy off with class. It's so sad that the traditional values have eroded."

By the time this appears, Mikki will be back

in the Mideast, studying recently unearthed Kabbalistic texts. We don't know from the Kabbala, but we dig this sexy anthropologist the most. □



THE GARDEN OF BEER CANS

continued from page 47

"You used to go there? To the Mental Health place?"

"Yeah," Gomez said. He rolled a cigarette, carefully licking the paper and twisting the ends, before he continued. "Yeah. I told you guys about that, didn't I? One time, I guess about maybe three years ago, I got drunk on white port wine. You know how different wines make you want to do different things? You know, like how if you drink a lot of chablis it makes you want to eat pussy? Well, white port wine makes you do really crazy stuff. Just loco stuff, I tell you. I drank I guess almost three fifths of that shit one Saturday afternoon. And then I went downtown, stole a motorcycle somewhere, and I took off all my clothes and rode around on the streets nude. I mean totally bare ass, man, just like that Lady Godiva broad. I drove through a couple of department stores and stuff on that bike. The cops busted me, and I got two years probation over it. One of the conditions of probation was that I had to go to therapy."

"And that's what you did?" Morgan asked. "Went to that clinic?"

"Yeah," Gomez continued. "Jesus, if you're not nuts when you first go in there, you sure as hell will be by the time those mothers get through with you. There was this one son of a bitch, a shrink by the name of Doctor Becker. But I started calling him Doctor Pecker. All that asshole wanted to do was talk about dicks. Like he was obsessed with dicks or something. All kinds of questions. Wanted to know if I had a hardon when I was riding the motorcycle, stuff like that. I tried to explain to the asshole that it was all because of that

white port wine, but he just couldn't understand that. I guess he figured it all had something to do with dicks. He just couldn't get the idea out of his head. I never heard such crap before."

"Speaking of dick," the fat man said, "anybody want to go down to Nelson's. I hear they got some new bitches working down there now." He rolled his eyes and rubbed his crotch. "How about it? Anybody wanna go?"

"Nah, not me," Gomez said. "My old lady has been bitching that I never take her anywhere. We're gonna go up to Tahoe."

"What about you, Morgan?"

"No thanks. Maybe another time."

The fat man farted. "Hah! That leaves more pussy for me!!"

"Don't screw too much, Andrews," Gomez advised. "It might make you go crazy, and you'll have to go over to the clinic there and listen to Doctor Pecker talk about dicks."

"I'd rather have that red haired broad talk about dicks. Like what she had in mind for my dick, for example." He farted again.

Later, after the other men had finished their six packs and gone, Louis Morgan walked alone among the apricot trees in the orchard behind the Garden of Dreams Market. He thought about the Army, the Special Forces, the years in Vietnam. After being seriously wounded for the third time, he had received a medical discharge and had eventually returned to the small California town after an absence of fifteen years. As he walked slowly back to his car, feeling very depressed, wondering why he had returned, what else he could have done, where else he could have gone, he heard the whirling sound of a car struggling to start.

The parking lot of the Mental

Health Center was empty except for a Volkswagen. As he watched, gasoline spurted from the rear of the car as the person behind the wheel attempted to start the car. Morgan approached the car and saw that the driver's seat was occupied by the red haired social worker from the Mental Health Center. Jane Harris rolled down the window, an expression of annoyance on her face. She lit a cigarette and again turned the ignition key. More gas surged from the engine compartment.

"You'd better put that cigarette out," Morgan advised. "Something's wrong with your engine, and there's gas all over the parking lot. That's why the car won't start. I'm surprised you didn't smell it. Put that cigarette out, and I'll see if I can figure out what's wrong."

The red haired woman, Jane Harris, carried the bottle of beer into the living room and set it on the coffee table in front of Morgan. She pulled a fresh cigarette from the pack on the table and lit it from the butt of the one she had been smoking. She sat on the couch and poured another double Scotch from the bottle on the table.

Morgan watched as she drank. She was in her early thirties, he guessed, tall and thin. She wore no makeup, and except for a sprinkling of freckles her face was pale and anemic. Her red hair, ragged and uncombed, stretched down to her shoulders. Her nicotine stained fingers, constantly holding a lit cigarette, were decorated with several large silver and turquoise Indian style rings.

In the parking lot of the Mental Health Center, Morgan had tightened the fitting where the fuel line of the Volkswagen entered the carburetor, and Jane Harris had invited him to her apartment for a drink. Since he



"I can't believe it — 18 headaches!"

had already drunk three beers from his six pack, Morgan had drunk very slowly, nursing the beer she had given him for almost an hour. But during that hour the woman had had five or six doubles, and had smoked almost a pack of cigarettes.

"Barfo," Jane Harris said. "It's Friday night. Hangover eve! That's what Bennington used to call it. Barfo!" She took a sip from her glass.

"Hangover eve, huh?"

"Jesus! You just can't believe how it is in that Mental Health Center. You wouldn't believe all the bureaucratic crap that goes on in there! Bennington was right!!!"

"Who is Bennington?" Morgan asked. You've mentioned the name several times, but I

have no idea who . . ."

"Bennington? Oh, he's my ex. Barfo. Friday night. Every damn Friday I get so depressed. I remember how it was when I was a kid back in Nebraska. My father used to kill chickens on Friday night. He'd cut their throats and then turn them loose, and they'd be running around flapping their wings, blood spurting all over, and . . ."

"You enjoyed seeing that?" Morgan interrupted. He thought of the time in the Ia Drang Valley when Gordon had caught shrapnel in his throat and had bled to death before they could even get to him to help him. "You liked that? Chickens running around bleeding to death?" He wondered if it was supposed to be a macabre joke.

"Barfo!!!" the woman continued. "All the bureaucratic crap! Charts to open! Medi-Cal stickers to collect! Services Rendered Documets! Progress notes! Staff meetings!" She poured more Scotch, took a drink, and lit another cigarette. "Barfo! Bennington was right."

"You know," Morgan began. "About that Mental Health Center. It's right where, a long time back, fifteen years ago, I guess, right where this old guy named Garcia used to have a little farm. Yeah, there was a farm there, years back. And the Garden of Dreams Market was there, too, but all the rest was just orchards and small farms. And now it's almost all paved over, and there are housing tracts and freeways and

shopping centers. And Mental Health Centers."

"Oh, barfo!" she said. "So that's your trip, huh? That used to be Bennington's trip, too. People just can't cope. It's progress, and that's the price we have to pay for progress. People just have to learn to cope. These are social problems. We're trained professionals, and we know what's best for people. Besides, it's Friday! Hangover eve!!"

"It's a debatable point whether that's progress," Morgan argued. "And who pays the price? Not the people living in those big fancy houses, built where there were once orchards and farms."

"Oh, Barfo!! Like Fritz used to say 'I'm not supposed to live up to your expectations and'..."

"Who the hell is Fritz?"

"Never mind that. Would you like to screw me?"

"What?" He wondered if she was that drunk.

"Screw me — bang me!!" she shouted. "You know, the old in-out. It's hangover eve. Bennington was right! First I fill myself full of Scotch and then I find somebody to pump me full of jizz. Barfo! Lemme have a couple more drinks, and then I'll let you screw me!"

"Is that your idea of a joke?" Morgan asked "Is that it? You think that's funny?"

"A joke, huh?" she screamed. "I'll show you your goddamn joke!" She bent forward, undid her sandals and took them off. She stood up and pulled her blouse over her head. Then she removed her bra and turned so Morgan could see her breasts, small but firm and well shaped. "A joke, huh?" she repeated. She unfastened her blue jeans, pushed them down to her thighs, and sat back down on the

couch to remove them. Her panties were next, and she stood naked near the couch.

Morgan knew she was drunk, but it had been weeks since he had a woman. He stood up and began to remove his shirt.

"You want me, huh?" she shouted triumphantly. "You want to pump me full of jizz! OK! Come on!" She moved away from him, down the hallway which led to the rear of the apartment. He let his shirt fall to the floor as he followed her.

At the end of the hallway she turned and opened a door. Morgan dropped his T shirt to the floor and followed her into the room.

It was the bathroom! She had led him into the bathroom. He stopped, wondering what was happening. She climbed into the bath tub and knelt, facing him.

"Is this part of the joke too?" Morgan asked.

"I like it different," she said softly. "Raunchy. Golden."

"I don't know what the hell you want."

"We can do your trip, whatever it is, later," she said. She spread her thighs and eased a finger into herself. "I just like it dirty. Can't you use your imagination?" She began to move the finger in and out.

"In a bath tub?"

"Dirty!!" she shouted. That's what I like! Golden! You know, use me for a toilet!!"

Morgan finally understood. He looked at her, kneeling in the bath tub. He saw the ring on her finger as it moved in and out. He saw her pale skin, her freckles, her red hair, her small breasts. And he saw the wild look in her eyes. And understood what she wanted.

"It's too weird for me, baby," he said softly. "Just too damn weird. I just want a nice uncom-

plicated piece of ass. Your scene is too much for me. I've got at least fifteen dollars left, so I'm going down to Nelson's. Maybe the fat man is still there."

He turned and walked from the bathroom. He stopped in the hall to pick up his T shirt, and in the living room he retrieved his shirt.

As he opened the door to leave, Morgan heard her screaming. He slammed the door behind him and walked into the night. He felt much better. □

THE SWINGING SCENE

continued from page 21

GAGS FOR ALL NATIONS

Ethnic jokes were flying around long before they were called ethnic jokes. The butts were Poles. Italians. Blacks. French. Puerto Ricans. Indians. Irish. Dutchmen Scots and practically everybody but Eskimos. Jews got a lot of flack. So did Catholics. (I have noticed that the best tellers of Jew's jokes are Jews and the funniest Catholic jokes come from Catholics, often priests.)

Immune to all this up to now were White Anglo-Saxon Protestants. But hey. Brothers and Paisanos and Lansmen and bagpipe-players, a new day dawns. Now there are WASP jokes!

One of the first on the market is this: "How many WASPS does it take to change a light bulb?" "Two — One to mix the martinis, one to call the electrician."

A WASP who heard it says it is a base canard. "Many of us don't drink martinis at all," said she. "We favor Manhattans or Bourbon & Branch."

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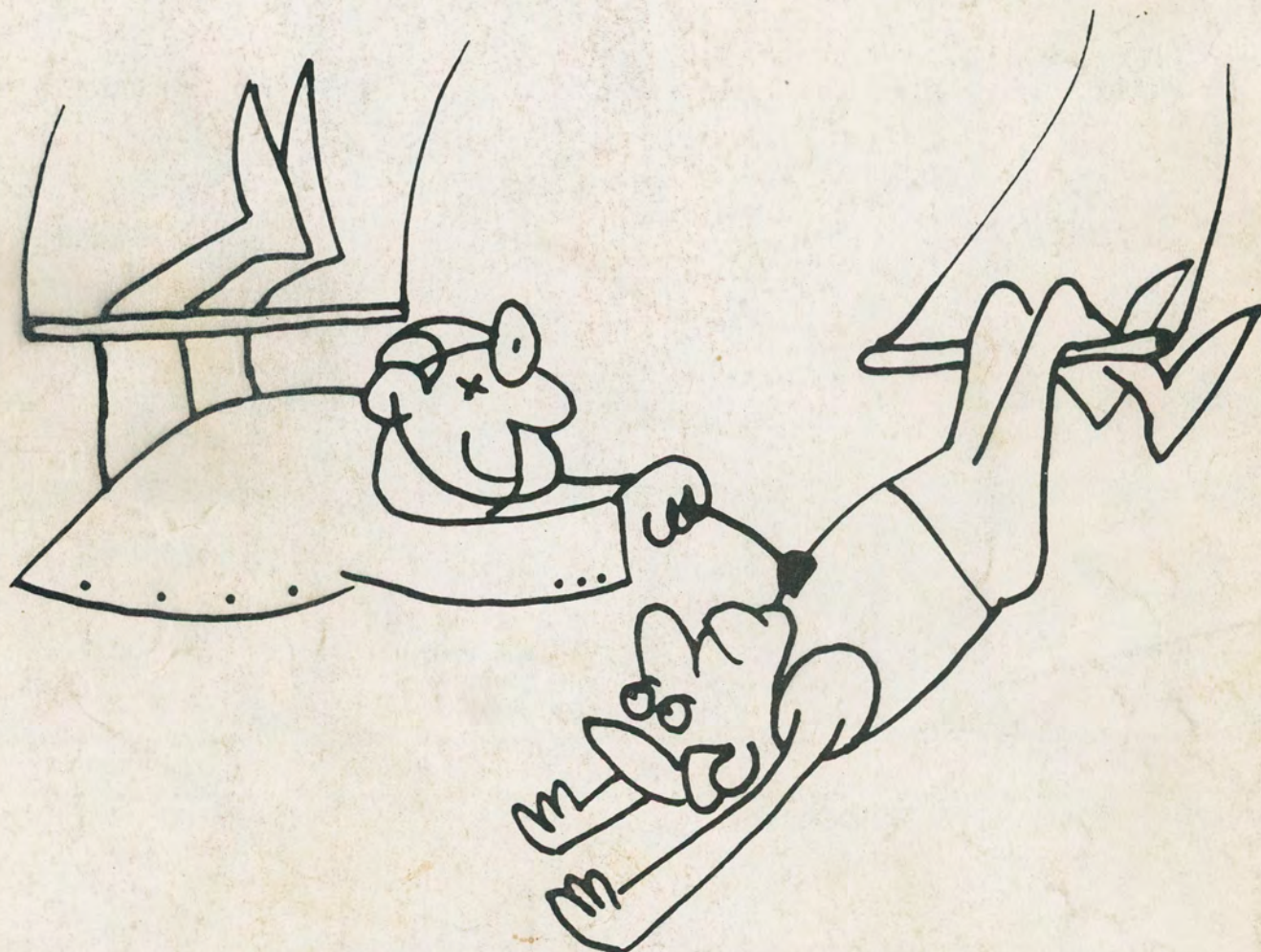
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